

The End Is In Your Eyes

winterfirehair

The End Is In Your Eyes by **winterfirehair**

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Summary:

The Loser's Club is gone. After meeting the creature feeding on the kids of Derry they broke apart like a shattering plate. But when IT takes their small asthmatic away from them, the kids have to fight together once more.

The End Is In Your Eyes

Eddie didn't know how many days he'd been at home now, always watched by his mother like a hawk. She didn't even allow him to go outside in their garden, claiming that the pollen in the air weren't good for him. That they'd make his asthma worse than it already was.

He called bullshit on that.

In the meantime he had already cleaned his room for what felt like the hundredth time, despite his broken arm that hurt like a bitch when he even barely moved a muscle. But there was nothing more he could really do inside during the summer. Inside during the summer, not being able to be with his friends. He felt his chest tighten at the thought that they were basically not friends anymore. He had heard that Richie and Bill got into a big fight after they made it out of the Neibolt House barely alive and that the whole group split up after this. The Loser's Club was gone and Eddie just wanted to cry.

Sitting down on his bed he stared on the cast around his arm. Maybe Greta had been right. He was nothing but a loser and now he wasn't even friends with the other losers anymore. The first tear dropped onto the red V. Then a second.

Sniffling, Eddie rubbed his arm over his eyes to stop them leaking salty sadness. Crying wouldn't bring his friends back and it wouldn't help him either. After all, the freaking clown was still alive, still out hunting children. Still hunting them, probably. They had hurt IT, hurt it a lot and Eddie was sure that now, with their friendship shattered like a broken plate, IT would come after them. It was just a matter of time; he better already prepared himself to die.

Was there even a way to prepare for death? He couldn't say.

Laying down he felt unease swelling up in his stomach, remembering Neibolt Street. Remembering the clown, how he had played with him while Eddie could do nothing but feel terrified. The clown had smelled like blood and like death and had mocked him, had mocked his fear which was only fuelling him, made him grow stronger and get more power over Eddie. He never had really thought about death before, not even when they entered the Neibolt House, but as he laid there in the dirt, death grinning in his face with so many sharp teeth, he only questioned if this would save his friends. Would they make it out safely, if he only managed to keep the monster busy? Would his fear and his tender flesh be enough to satisfy IT so it wouldn't go after his friends?

Shivering, he tried to open his eyes. It felt to real, he could smell the monster just like on that day and the memory made his skin crawl.

Mere breaths later, brown eyes met golden ones.

Eddie's scream never left his throat, the clown quickly holding a hand over his mouth before the boy could make a sound. His body shaking, he stared into the grinning clowns face, his heart racing in his chest, terrified. He would die. He would die and nobody would even know, he would be just another missing child and his friends would be the next ones and he wouldn't be able to save him. Struggling, he felt tears in his eyes once again.

"Come to the clown Eds...", the monster whispered before giggling in a way that made the boy sick.

Still, he could only think about his friends.

Bill. Beverly. Ben. Mike. Stan. Richie. I'm so sorry.

Bill had just opened the door when Mrs. Kaspbrak already stormed into the house, pinning the poor boy to the next wall. She screamed at him, but Bill could barely understand what exactly she said. Her spit was hitting his face and he couldn't help but feel disgusted.

"Where is my son! You kids took him away, you took my son away from me!"

Beverly, who had been in the backyard waiting for Bill to get something to drink for them, came inside, looking for the source of the noise. When she saw Eddie's mom shaking Bill, she didn't think twice to yank the boy out of the woman's grip.

"Leave him alone! He didn't do anything!"

"You took him! You took my Eddie!"

Before Bill or Beverly could even react, the obese woman broke down, crying, while the kids stood there unmoving, not knowing

what to do. Should they try to comfort her or look for Eddie?

Beverly felt her stomach twist painfully. She had no good feeling about this. Leaning towards Bill, she whispered in his ear. "Do you think Eddie ran away?"

Bill, not turning his gaze away from Eddie's mother, shrugged lightly. "If so, he's probably with Richie. Otherwise he'd have come here."

He stumbled when Beverly took his hand and just pulled him away, outside where Silver lay in the grass. "If he's not at home, we have to go look for him. I don't have a good feeling about this, Bill!", she said, her voice full of worry.

"D-Do you t-think ... ?"

He couldn't bring himself to say it, but he didn't need to. Beverly only nodded and Bill mounted his bike, pulling her behind him. She held onto him tightly when they basically flew into the city, faster than she had ever ridden a bike. Maybe a bit too tightly, leaning her cheek against his back while her heart fluttered in her chest, being so in love with their leader and so afraid for her friend.

When they reached the arcade, they saw that Richie's bike was leaning against the wall. This was no surprise, it had been his summer plan to spend time playing games after all. Eddie's bike was nowhere to be seen. Bill and Beverly shared a look while leaning his bike against the wall besides Richie's.

"M-Maybe he w-w-walked."

Beverly only nodded, not saying anything. She only hoped that Bill was right and Eddie just didn't take his bike to get away from home. Her stomach tightened again and she barely suppressed a pained gasp, following Bill into the arcade.

Richie was aggressively yanking the joystick and pushing the buttons of one of the machines, not looking up when Bill and Beverly came up to him.

"You see that guy I'm punching Bill? I imagine that's you!"

He spat his words like venom and Beverly could feel how Bill flinched by her side. She took his hand, looking at Richie. "Richie, have you seen Eddie?"

"What?"

The boy looked up for a moment, confused, before he continued his game. "Eddie is at home because you shitheads had to play Ghostbusters or some fucking bullshit. Now fuck off, I'm trying to enjoy my summer. Or do you want me to get my arm broken, too?"

"Richie! Eddie is not at home. He's gone."

Beverly's voice was urgent. She let go of Bill's hand and instead

touched Richie's shoulder gently, before shaking him a bit. "Do you understand that Richie? Eddie's missing!"

Finally, it seemed to click for the boy. "Eddie is missing?"

"H-His mother accused us of taking him away from her. But he's n-not with us. H-H-He's gone." Bill's stutter was getting worse with every sentence and the boy looked like he was going to cry. If something happened to Eddie, it would be his fault. After all, he was the one who made to others chase after Pennywise. Without him, the clown wouldn't have a reason to choose Eddie or any other of the losers over all the other kids.

Richie gritted his teeth. "If it is that motherfucker of a clown, I'm going to rip his fucking head off!"

Storming off, he took his bike from the wall outside and mounted it before looking at his friends, who had followed him. "Are you gonna move ya asses or what?"

It didn't take long to get the rest of the club together. All of them were ready to go once they heard that Eddie was missing. Richie lead the group this time instead of Bill, full of fury. He barely braked before jumping off his bike, throwing it in the grass in front of Eddie's house carelessly before storming over to the tree he would always use to sneak into Eddie's room when they didn't want Mrs. Kaspbrak to know.

Climbing up quickly, already knowing in his sleep where to put his hands and feet, he used the branch that grew to closest to it to get to Eddie's window. Opening it with a soft clicking noise, he slid into the room of his friend as if he had done it a thousand times already.

Beverly was the first to follow him, not wanting to leave Richie alone. They had lost one member, she wouldn't let another one go missing.

Jumping down into Eddie's room from the branch, she fell into Richie, who stood frozen. Hissing in slight pain, she got onto her feet again, but froze too when she saw the red balloon floating above Eddie's neatly made bed.

Richie turned to her, his face ash pale and his lip trembling. He clenched and unclenched his fists, breathing hard. "I'll kill it. I'll kill it with my bare hands."

"Guys! Are you okay?"

None of them moved, eyes locked. Beverly could see something in Richie's eyes, something more than just anger. His eyes burned like his soul was on fire, fire that consumed and strengthened it at the same time.

"Rich! Bev! Are you okay?", Stan shouted again, sounding concerned. Beverly broke the intense eye contact and walked to the window with shaky legs. Her pale face seemed to be enough for the other losers to

understand without asking. Nobody of them spoke a word until Mike suddenly leashed out and kicked into a bush, shouting in frustration. "This isn't fair! This is not fucking fair! Why him for fuck's sake!"

"H-H-He was the one I-IT wanted a-at Neibolt.", Bill stuttered quietly while looking down, ashamed. He was the one responsible for this. All of this was his fault. He had given the monster not only his brother, but now his best friend, too.

Richie had climbed down the tree without speaking a word. With a grim expression he stomped past the other losers, mounting his bike once again.

"Where the hell are you going now Richie!?", Stanley yelled after him.

"I'm going to kill this fucking clown!", the trashmouth shouted back.

"Richie, wait! This is suicide! Richie!"

Beverly jumped down from the tree to run after the boy, but Richie didn't give her the chance to stop him. Horrified, she whirled around to the others. "We need to go with him!"

"Bev, you just said it yourself. This is suicide..", Stan muttered, but Ben silenced him by stepping forward. "I'll go with you if you go."

"M-Maybe Eddie is s-s-still a-alive."

They all turned their looks on Bill who looked as if he was torn between wanting to cry and the urge to throw up. But his eyes were serious and he looked at each of his friends. "If there i-is the slightest c-chance, we have to g-go and try to get him."

"We'll only get ourselves killed man!", Stan cried out, stepping away from them.

Bill looked at him and nodded. "M-Maybe. But is it b-b-better to get killed d-doing nothing or while at least t-trying to save E-E-Eddie?"

The others thought about this and one after another, they came to the conclusion that Bill was right. They could sit around and do nothing while IT killed them one by one or they could at least go down fighting.

The stuttering boy looked at Stan. "I-I know you're afraid Stan. I'm afraid too. W-We all are."

"Yeah."

Mike nodded, stepping forward and placing his hand on Stan's shoulder. "You're not the only one Stan. We understand you."

"I wish we could offer you to stay here.", Beverly spoke up. "But we

can only fight IT when we're together. If we together, we have a chance."

Stan stared onto the ground, trembling. His hands were shaking, hard and Beverly was the first to see how blood dripped into the grass. Gently taking one of his hands, she loosened his grip so he wouldn't hurt himself even more than just piercing the skin of his hands with his nails. "Stan. We're all with you.", she whispered, still holding his hand in hers. The boy looked up at her, his eyes full of terror and embarrassment. He felt like a coward while all of his friends were brave enough to simply walk into their death.

"... I'll come with you."

His voice was barely a whisper, cracking a bit, but they all heard it. Beverly softly squeezed his hand and Mike copied the gesture on his shoulder. Ben stepped over and patted his back while Bill simply smiled slightly and wrapped his arms around the other boy, hugging him tight, whispering a soft "I'm proud of you." in the jew's ear.

They reached the house in Neibolt Street barely early enough to stop Richie from going in alone. Even though he just urged them to get their asses over, all of them could see he secretly was relieved that he didn't need to face the monster inside alone.

Nothing had changed since the last time they had set their feet into the old building. They could still see traces of their fight; the dust on the floor was thinner where they had sat with Eddie, scrambling

away from the murderous clown. The wall was sprinkled with dark spots where Ben's blood had hit it, every drop looking like a warning sign, like they were screaming: "Get out of here or your blood will be shed too. Stop right now. Flee."

They held hands in their small group, not wanting to be separated. Beverly was holding Stan's right hand while Bill held his left, squeezing it now and then to reassure the Jewish boy he wasn't alone. Ben was holding Beverly's right hand, while Bill had Mike on his other hand. Richie didn't want to hold hands. He was still leading them, concentrated on where he was going.

"Richie, wait for us! You'll get lost!", Mike called out when the boy went down into the basement without giving his friends a proper chance to follow. The trashmouth just whirled around, pointing his flashlight up to them. "Move your asses then! Every minute we waste is one minute too much!"

"H-He's right. If Eddie's still alive, w-we have to h-hurry."

"But we can't go alone! Richie please, wait!"

Beverly's voice stopped the dark haired teen once again and he waited for his friends to come down into the basement, but clearly impatient, wanting to continue his way.

"How are we supposed to get down there?"

Stan's voice was small but it sounded louder, thrown back by the walls of the deep well. They looked around and despite the fact that they, of course, wanted to save Eddie, their hearts dropped when their eyes fell onto the thick rope. If it would be able to hold their weight, there was no going back.

When Richie janked on the rope and then put his full weight on it, hanging free over the darkness beneath him that could go on for miles and nobody of them would know, they all saw the rope ripping, they all heard the boy emit a loud, panicked scream that would go on while he vanished in the darkness, breaking his limbs while crashing in the stone walls again and again.

But it held his weight. Richie stopped for a moment to push his glasses up his nose again before he made his way down the rope.

Not far down he noticed some kind of tunnel. Pointing his flashlight on it he saw the same bloody spots that they had noticed on the upper part of the well. Gritting his teeth he started to swing, trying to get near enough so he could climb inside.

His friends watched him, anxious, but with a thud the boy landed on the ground of the tunnel safely, looking around before sticking his head out in the well. "Come on! We're on the right track! One after one, get it going!"

Beverly was the first one to take the rope and make her way down to their trashmouth. Richie helped her inside, making sure she was safe before mentioning Bill he could start climbing down.

Bill was followed by Stan, whom he helped to get inside the small tunnel before they encouraged Ben to follow.

A noise made Richie turn around. He pointed his flashlight into the darkness, where the tunnel led into Derry's sewer system. He listened closely, trying to catch the noise he'd heard. There was the faint trickling of water which was thrown back by the walls, which made the place incredibly ghostly but that was it. He started to turn back to his friends, when splashing water and a shadow on the wall caught his attention again.

Richie's heart began to beat faster and before he knew what he was doing, he started crawling in the direction of the shadow. Was it Eddie? Did he manage to flee?

He landed in the water with a splash, wrinkling his nose when he caught the smell. This was gray water, for sure.

The splashing noise was there again suddenly, on the right, and Richie quickly shot light in the direction. Whatever it was, he could only catch a shadow again.

"Eddie?", he called out, following the sound of splashing water deeper into the sewers, leaving behind his friends that he already couldn't hear anymore.

Beverly was the first one to notice Richie was missing. She had felt the warmth radiating from his body and now it was gone and so was her friend. Her heart stopped.

"Guys.. Richie is gone."

They all stared at the spot where the trashmouth had sat and where now nothing indicated he had ever been there.

Within seconds they all jumped into the dirty water one after another, pointing their flashlights around.

"Richie! Richie where are you!?"

"Richie!"

"Eddie! Eddie it's me!"

Richie was growing desperate, if he hadn't already been before. Still running after the shadow, he heard his mind whisper in a mocking way. That he was stupid, running around in the sewers all alone, chasing nothing but ghosts.

But Richie wasn't able to feel afraid, not for his own safety. He needed to find his friend, needed to make sure Eddie wasn't afraid. Just like he had tried when he was sure that IT would kill them both, back in the goddamn Neibolt House.

Despite the fact he felt like he would pee himself if the clown came any closer, despite the fact he was terrified himself he had tried to take the fear away from Eddie, this fragile little boy who was a fighter, but not in any way good enough to save himself from the monster.

He held his small face in his hands, Eddie's cheeks wet with his tears of pain and fear and tried to get the boy to focus on him, on him alone and not the clown. He didn't want him to see their death approaching, didn't want to let Eddie go. Maybe he was trying to comfort himself, too. Looking into Eddie's beautiful brown eyes while they died had seemed like a good option to him back then.

Now he wanted to look into Eddie's eyes while they lived. Hold his face in his hands with no tears staining his cheeks while they lived. Be by his side while they lived.

He would get Eddie out of here, even if it meant his own death.

Eddie felt like his mind had left his body. He was in the dark, his surroundings absolutely silent. Like he was floating through space. It was a weird feeling and he was afraid.

Was he dead? Probably. He remembered the clown, remembered the mouth full of sharp teeth that were stained with old blood and the rotten smell. Had he closed his eyes? He didn't know anymore. He remembered screaming and crying and begging and the monster only drooling even more, feasting on his fear. And then he had thought of his friends.

He had thought of Bill, their fearless leader that he always had admired. His best friend for ages.

He had thought of Beverly, the beautiful girl they all had some kind of crush on. How brave she was and how kind.

He had thought of Stanley, this poor troubled kid that was so caring for his friends.

He had thought of Ben, the brains of their group and the secret poet. He hoped that Beverly would come to realize that Ben loved her.

He had thought of Mike, this incredibly soft boy who couldn't harm a fly.

And he had thought of Richie, their lovable trashmouth. In his last moments he thought about how soft the curls of his dark hair felt against his fingers. How bright his eyes shone when he was amazed by something. How his hands were so warm whenever he held Eddie's. He thought about the afternoon in the Neibolt House, where Richie had held his face, trying to get him to look at him. He had

been so afraid and he thought he was going to die, but at least Richie was by his side. It made him a little less afraid.

But now, he was alone. He was alone, floating through this nothingness and he was afraid. And Richie wasn't here to make him feel safe.

If he would've been able to do it, Eddie would cry now.

"He has to be somewhere!"

Beverly didn't know how many times she already fell down. Her dress was soaked with gray water and she knew she had never been this dirty before.

The boys followed her, panting and wet. They were searching Richie for what felt like hours now and all of them were exhausted.

"I think we've been here already. I remember this."

Mike pointed on a weird sign on the wall they had passed at least two times now. Were they walking in a circle?

"It's I-IT. It's trying to c-confuse us."

Bill grabbed Stanley's hand, his heart racing. He couldn't help it, he was afraid. When he looked at the other boy, he could see he wasn't alone. It was Stan now who squeezed his hand.

Ben turned around when he heard water splashing. There was a figure moving in the dark and for a moment he thought - he hoped - it was Richie. When he pointed his flashlight on it though, the person - the thing - stopped.

"Hey, egg boy."

Ben screamed when the headless figure suddenly went for the run, falling onto his ass, but then his friends were there and the thing was gone and his heart still beating painfully and suddenly he realized he was crying.

Ashamed, he rubbed his eyes, but they all understood. Beverly kneeled down to hug him and Mike was the next and hugged them both, and then Bill and Stan completed the group hug and Beverly started to cry too.

Richie wanted to cry, too. Stumbling through the dark with his flashlight slowly dying he felt like he was the one running in a circle. He hadn't seen the shadow for a while now and he had no idea where

he was going.

"Richie!"

The boy froze. He knew that voice, he'd be able to tell it apart from thousands of others.

"Richie! Help me!"

He ran. Dashing through the dirty water, half blind he followed Eddie's voice, sounding so frightened, so helpless. He saw the boy lying on the ground again, his arm broken, tears running down his face while the clown held onto it. How Eddie had trembled, how pure fear was shaking him.

"Richie!"

He fell, cutting his leg open on something in the water, but he didn't feel the pain. Scrambling to his feet again he continued to run, into the dark with only Eddie's voice to lead him. His flashlight laying in the water, lost and forgotten.

"This is Richie's, isn't it?"

Stan's voice was shaking while Mike held the broken flashlight in his hands. The boy only nodded, not saying a word.

"There's no blood. Maybe..."

"H-He's not gone. I'm s-sure.", Bill cut the only girl in their group off. He didn't want to believe that now maybe two of their friends were in the hands of the monster. Maybe already dead. Already floating.

There was no time anymore. Eddie didn't know how long he was in this state, simply floating through this place. Was it even a place? He didn't know.

Something was slipping in his mind, his brain. Little tentacles that tried to pull him somewhere that caused him a massive headache. Not that he actually felt his head anymore. There was nothing to feel but his mind, which was weird, but somehow he didn't mind. If he was dead - which he certainly was - he didn't need something as mundane as a body anymore.

Eddie found himself slipping away. The darkness around him seemed to grow, to swallow him. Thinking was getting harder and his memories started to mix up, like different colours mixing and ending up a dirty, ugly brown. He tried to hold them apart, not wanting them to get lost, but his mental fingers didn't move.

Somewhere, he could've sworn, he heard a small giggle.

Richie was going crazy and he knew it. His own mind mocked him and soon, it would all be over. He had failed.

He would die, all alone in these dirty sewers and he would never see his friends again. He would never see Eddie again. And Eddie would die just like him because Richie wasn't able to save him.

Stumbling through the dark he only hoped it would be quick. He didn't want to suffer, even though he deserved it for letting his friends down. For letting Eddie down.

Feeling a wall in front of him suddenly, he slumped against it and began to cry. Why did his life have to be such shit? His parents never wanted him and now he was going to get devoured by a child killing monster clown.

"Fucking shit!"

Sobbing, he slammed his fist into the wall, the skin on his knuckles breaking open. A surprised shout left his lips when he suddenly fell as the wall opened.

Groaning, he got himself up from the ground, suddenly blinded. The

room he landed in was way brighter than the sewers had been.

Looking around, Richie froze.

Piled up in front of him lay hundreds of children's toys. Dolls, skateboards, stuffed animals. They formed a giant mountain and when he looked up, Richie Tozier was speechless for the first time in his life.

Floating in a circle around the pile of toys and clothes were the missing children.

He had found the monsters lair.

Bill stared at his younger brother in shock.

Georgie had appeared from seemingly nowhere, standing in the dirty water with his boat pressed tightly against his chest.

"G-G-Georgie?"

"Bill, that's not Georgie, don't fall for it!", Beverly whispered urgently, eyeing the small child.

"I wanna go home, Billy ..."

Georgie's voice sounded small, just like the child he was. It sounded vulnerable and Bill felt how his eyes filled with tears, choking him. He made a step forward, just wanting to pull his brother into a hug and never let him go. Another step. He needed to feel the warmth of Georgie's body. To smell his familiar scent. He needed his little brother back.

"I-I'll take you home ..."

"Bill, no!"

Before Bill could finally hug Georgie Stan jumped between the two. Georgie shrieked, retreating into the shadows, becoming a moving shadow himself before manifesting again. The soft tone of a flute sounded from the dark and Stanley froze.

This wasn't real. It was impossible.

Closing his eyes, despite the fact he was shaking in fear, he repeated the words in his head, even when he felt the cold breath of the creature on his skin, followed by the thin fingers on his shoulders.

"You're not real. This isn't real. Nothing of this is real.", the boy mumbled, his voice shaking, but still the fingers vanished after he

had repeated it a few times. Opening his eyes slowly, he saw that the monster was gone.

Stan then fell to his knees, his whole body shaking. He hadn't thought this over, he just had wanted to protect Bill. It was only now he realized he would have sacrificed his life for their leader. Bill seemed to realize this too, because mere seconds later he kneeled down besides Stan and pulled the boy in a hug. Not a simple hug between friends but an almost aggressive hug while both of them sobbed, shocked and confused. Bill pressed his friend against himself and Stan leaned into it, searching for the contact, soaking up the comfort that Bill gave him. His heartbeat slowed down and with a shuddering breath he buried his face in Bill's neck, who in turn stroked through Stan's curly hair.

The other losers just watched the affectionate moment between the two boys, nobody saying a word. After all maybe they would all die today. It was now or never.

If somebody would've asked Eddie how he felt, he would have answered "like a fly in a spider's web".

Only that he was a big fly and the spider was bigger, a whole universe while Eddie was one of the planets.

Slowly, he began to forget. Eddie Kaspbrak? If someone asked him if he knew him, he wouldn't be able to tell that it was him.

He heard other names, names that sparked memories, but he couldn't quite grasp them. Bill Denbrough. Beverly Marsh. Stanley.. what was his last name again? Eddie couldn't remember.

Richie Tozier.

A faint memory awoke. Dark, curly hair and glasses that made the brown eyes behind them seem unnaturally big. Then it was gone.

Eddie continued to float. To float and to forget.

Richie was shaking with fear as he stared up, trying to get a proper look at the kids floating above him. Some of them missed limbs which made him feel nauseous. This was sick.

But Eddie wasn't floating with them. He made out some familiar faces - even Patrick Hockstetter, even though Richie couldn't care less - but his friend wasn't there.

"What are you afraid of?"

Eddie had asked him that, back on 4th of July, when they were talking about the monster that was terrorising them and all the other

kids of Derry.

"Clowns."

He had answered without thinking much about it. Clowns were frightening him ever since. He didn't trust them, didn't think of them as funny or nice. The afternoon at Neibolt only fuelled this fear even more.

But there was something else that Richie only now realized. Back at Neibolt, when Eddie went missing, Richie had felt a fear greater than anything he had felt before.

Loosing Eddie. That was his greatest fear. And he only realized it now.

"Richie!"

The dark haired teen whirled around, finding himself face to face with Eddie. A twisted and sick version of the small boy, similar to the one he had seen back in Neibolt.

Richie screamed, jumping back and falling, his eyes never leaving the pale face in front of him as he scrambled away from the boy. This wasn't real. This couldn't be real. This was just like in the Neibolt house. Only IT messing with his head.

"It's real. I'm real Richie. Look what IT did to me. I can float now. Don't you want to float too, Richie?"

Eddie giggled and while he spoke, blood oozed out of his mouth, staining his sickly grey lips in a dark red. Richie couldn't take his eyes away, horrified.

Eddie kneeled down in front of him, touching his cheek almost gently with his fingers that were no longer soft and warm. The flesh was ripped from them and they left blood stains on Richies cheek. Turning away, he gave in to the nauseous feeling and vomited on the ground. Coughing and spluttering he felt the touch continue, stroking his hair almost affectionately before gripping it hard to turn Richie's face back to him.

"Don't you think I'm pretty anymore? Am I disgusting you?"

Richie choked back tears when Eddie screamed at him, his once angelic face full of anger. He barely noticed his voice change. Closing his eyes, Richie sobbed. "N-No. Eddie, p-please..."

"Look at me! Look at me Richie!"

Eddie was shaking him, stronger than his fragile body seemed and Richie whimpered in pain. Forcing his eyes open once again he found himself face to face with Pennywise and screamed, trying to get away, kicking and squirming.

All of the losers jumped when Richies scream echoed through the sewers. They had not moved since IT had attacked them, not knowing what to do. They had lost all orientation and all of them were afraid.

Beverly looked at the others. "That was Richie."

Nobody needed to say another word. They all jumped to their feet, following Richie's screams that could only be described as utterly terrified.

When they reached the cistern Bill felt like he was thrown back in time, back to the Neibolt House when they had found Eddie, the clown on top of him while the boy was crying and screaming and fighting for his life.

Now it was Richie who tried his best to keep the monster away from himself, sobbing and screaming. His glasses were broken and he was bleeding from nasty scratches on his cheeks and his throat, all while Pennywise giggled on top of him like a child that enjoyed a particularly amusing game. Drool dripped from the clown's lip, staining the boys clothes even more than they already were.

"No!"

Everyone, even Richie and Pennywise turned their heads to Mike

when the boy went for the run. Beverly gasped in shock, putting her hands over her mouth, when Mike jumped at the monster, pulling it away from Richie and falling to the ground, rolling right into the mountain of children's toys.

"Mike!"

The rest of the losers ran over to the two hurt members while Mike scrambled back to his feet. The clown was gone.

"Are you okay?"

"Richie! You alright?"

Beverly was the first one to kneel down beside the boy who was trembling like a leaf, staring at them with an expression of fear and disbelieving.

"Y-You're not real. You're not real, go away!"

"Richie no! It's us! Please, Richie!"

Beverly grabbed his face despite the fact the boy was screaming at her, trembling and sobbing and trying to pry her hands away from his face. He had enough of these mind games. "You're all dead! You're not really here!"

"We are!"

The other boys knelt down, too, trying to convince the broken boy while Richie only curled into a ball, wanting it all just to end. Why did this monster have to torture him like this? He didn't understand.

Somehow, he ended up in Beverly's arms where she simply rocked him from side to side, stroking his hair to calm him down. His breathing slowed down and so did his heartbeat. He didn't care anymore. If this was only the clown again, so be it.

After a while, the dark haired boy lifted his head, looking into her bright eyes. Silently, he touched her hair, the red curls feeling soft between his fingers.

"... You're real, right?"

Beverly only nodded, before she hugged Richie, the boy hugging her back this time. When they parted he looked at his friends, feeling ashamed. How could he have thought they weren't real? The monster would never be able to copy his friends. IT was only able to make twisted versions of them, copies that made him feel sick, but IT would never be able to fool him again with the other losers.

He sniffled, looking around. "Where is this motherfucker?"

"I-IT's afraid. I can f-f-feel it."

Richie scrambled back to his feet, unsteady at first, but then quickly finding his balance.

"Let's scare it some more then."

Shrill screams of pain and fear echoed through Eddie's mind and made him squirm. Who was screaming and why? He just wanted it to stop.

But it continued. Somehow Eddie recognized the screams, even though he had never heard the person scream like that before. But he couldn't remember who it had been.

When the screaming finally ended, Eddie found himself in the darkness again. No sounds. No feelings. Just him, floating through this dark universe, tangling himself in spider webs.

It was Bill who found Georgie.

Standing in the dark, he held his boat pressed against his chest, only coming out of his hiding spot slowly. His voice was accusing and Bill didn't know what hurt him more, this or the fact that the yellow raincoat Georgie was wearing was bloody red on the right side; his arm no longer there where it should have been.

"What took you so long?"

Bill choked back a sob, tears streaming down his face. "I was searching for you this whole time."

"I couldn't find a way out of here. He said I could have my boat back, Billy."

The small boy came closer and Bill only wanted to go and hug him, to tell him everything was going to be alright. But he stood still, only watching his younger brother while being torn between laughing and crying at the child's naiveté.

"Was she fast?"

Georgie nodded. "I couldn't keep up with it."

Something inside the stuttering boy broke. He couldn't say if it was his heart or if a piece of his soul just shattered, but the pain was everywhere. His voice was shaking. "She, Georgie. You call boats she."

Georgie only looked at him. "Take me home Billy."

Bill barely noticed the other losers when they found them, lost in this moment with his brother who now started to cry, too.

"I wanna go home!"

Bill started to sob. He never liked it when Georgie cried, even when the younger was still a baby. Every time he tried his best to calm him down. When they got older, he often took the blame for things Georgie did, only to save him from their parents anger so Georgie wouldn't cry.

"I miss you, all of you and mum and dad!"

"I want more than anything for you to be home. With mum. And dad. I miss you so much."

Bill couldn't help it, he slowly walked towards the boy. His sweet little brother.

"I love you Billy."

He swallowed thickly. "I love you too."

Shaking, he looked at his brother, his inner debate growing worse. Taking a breath, he lifted his arm to point the bolt pistol on Georgies head, the child whimpering in fear, his eyes widening. Bill felt his lip tremble, more warm tears streaming down his face and dripping onto his shirt.

"But you're not Georgie."

Bill would never forget the shock on his brothers face when he pulled the trigger. Georgie made a small sound, his body growing stiff. Then, he simply fell to the ground like a large doll, his eyes wide open. Bill could only stare at his brother.

You killed him.

You killed your little brother.

You are the real monster.

He trusted you and now he's dead.

Whispering, the mean little voices invaded Bill's mind, poisoning it with their lies that the boy didn't see as such, he saw them as the truth. It had been Georgie, and he could've saved his little brother but now he was dead, dead because Bill had shot him. He suddenly wasn't able to breathe properly anymore. Was this what an asthma

attack felt like?

He completely forgot how to breathe though when Georgie suddenly began to scream, a gurgling scream that turned into a roar. Bill stumbled back and so did the rest of the losers, not trusting their eyes when the small boy turned, his missing arm growing back, his legs getting longer with sick, popping sounds. In mere moments, the disturbing clown they all knew far too well was standing in front of them.

"Kill it Bill! Kill it!"

Bill could hear his friends scream at him, but his muscles seemed like they were frozen. He could only stare as the monster manifested in front of him, his mouth gaping open.

"Kill it! Bill!"

Shaking, he lifted his arm, pointing the bolt pistol at the clown who only grinned at him with sharp teeth.

"Hey! It's not loaded!"

Mike's shout reached Bill in the same moment he pulled the trigger. Only a click sounded and the clown shook his head, as if someone had thrown a handful of sand at him.

The shaking took over his whole body in an almost comical way, but the roar emitted was terrifying. Their group scattered when the monster jumped at them, Bill falling over with the clown landing over him. Only the fact he was fast enough to shove the pistol into its mouth saved him from being bitten and now it was snarling and drooling on him and it was so freaking strong, much stronger than a boy like him.

But it wasn't stronger than all of them. Suddenly, the weight of the monster was lifted from Bill and they all went to attack, equipped with every weapon they could find.

Adrenaline was pumping through their bodies. This was it, this was their final fight. Now it was to win or to die.

Bill ran over to his bag, where he had the metal pipes from the fence that surrounded the Neibolt House. Equipping himself with one of these he went to attack, pure rage floating his body. He had enough of this, he only wanted his brother and Eddie back and that they all could be safe again.

No one thought about the consequences now. If they died now, it wouldn't matter, no one would ever know. They would simply vanish, only some more missed kids.

The monstrous clown went to attack Stanley, the sharp teeth exposed, ready to rip the boy's face in pieces. The boy was frozen, fear taking over him. With wide eyes, he stared at his own personal nightmare, not able to defend himself anymore. Right before the monster could go for the kill, tearing their friend apart, Bill was on its back, jamming the metal pipe in its mouth to block it from biting down. Irritated, it turned, not reaching the boy on his back.

Bill clinged onto the clown's back, holding the metal pipe between the sharp teeth from behind while the monster whirled around, trying to get him down and not let the other losers hit it. The scent was even worse, so close to the child murderer; all Bill could smell was blood and rotten flesh with the taste of copper on his tongue. His stomach convulsed and that was his moment of weakness, the monster tearing him down from its back.

He landed on the ground with a painful thud, not able to cry out in pain as Pennywise cut off his breath with its arm, keeping the boy close. The fight stopped.

"Let him go!"

Beverly stepped forward, fear shaking her voice, but she seemed determined.

Bill was trembling while the clown stroked his face with his hand, the feeling of the soft silk on his skin making him sick. He couldn't breathe properly, every breath hurting in his throat and his chest.

"No. I'll take him. I'll take all of you! And I'll feast on your flesh as I feed on your fear. Or ... you'll just leave us be.."

He stroked Bill's face with both hands now, the boy whimpering under his breath. He was afraid, truly afraid, and he wasn't able to breathe and he would die by the hands of this monster and he was the one who brought his friends in this situation in the first place and

now they would die because of him.

"I will take him, only him, and then I will have my long rest and you will all live to grow and thrive and lead happy lives", he was shaking, the bells on his suit ringing silently, "until old age takes you back to the weeds..."

"Leave..."

Bill didn't have to think long. There was a chance his friends would survive. A small chance, but a chance and he would be damned if he didn't take it.

"I'm the one who dragged you all into this. I'm s-so sorry."

"Soo sorry...", the clown mocked his words, but Bill didn't pay him attention. He just looked at his friends, begging them with his eyes to just listen to him, to run away and leave him here so they'd be safe. If giving his life meant theirs would be spared, he would give it without thinking twice.

All of the losers stared at them uncomfortably. They couldn't do this - could they? Bill wanted them to, but how could they live, knowing they paid for their lives with the life of their friend?

"Go!", Bill cried out, struggling to keep himself from crying. He was so afraid. Looking at Stanley, he tried to find comfort in the boys eyes. He always had thought Stan was pretty, but he never quite

realized that the boy was not only pretty but quite beautiful to be honest. He wished he had told him.

"Guys.. We can't!", Beverly spoke up after a few moments. She looked at the boys, trying to see if they would go like Bill insisted them to.

Suddenly, Richie got up from the ground, his eyes not leaving Bill's face.

"I told you, Bill. I fucking told you."

Bill felt his stomach drop. It was one thing he was going to die, but he hadn't expected Richie to rub it into his face. Even though he was right. He had told him.

"I don't wanna die. It's your fault. You punched me in the face. You made me walk through shitty water, you brought me to a fucking crackhead house..."

Richie was getting worked up, his voice got louder as he listed his points.

"And now..."

He made a pause, taking something from the mountain next to him - a baseball bat.

"I'm gonna have to kill this fucking clown."

Before Bill could even understand this new situation, he was thrown to the side carelessly by the clown, landing with his face in the dirt, coughing and trying to catch his breath.

"Welcome to the Loser's Club, asshole!"

The baseball bat went down on the clown's skull with a cracking noise and Pennywise fell over, landing face first in the dirt. It took him a moment to get back up again which was enough for the losers to assemble.

The following scenes were so brutal that Bill would later be shocked when he remembered the fight. It was like the losers put all of their hate and their anger into it, not even giving the monster the chance to get up again. IT crawled on the floor, shapeshifting, but the ban was broken. They weren't afraid anymore.

IT roared when Ben impaled its stomach from behind with one of Bill's metal rods, blood gushing out of the wound and floating upwards. None of the losers had the time to wonder about it though. The wound was not enough to stop the creature, it was rather making it even more dangerous.

It was Beverly who finally ended it. Breaking down onto its knees, the creature shifted and lifted its head, her father smiling sheepishly at the young girl.

"Hey, Bevvie. Are you still my little gi-"

The metal pipe went in his mouth, right down his throat, while Beverly screamed with hate and rage burning in her eyes. She would never let herself get scared by that man again. Never again.

It was in that moment that the losers knew they had won. They knew, and the creature knew it, too. Spitting out the metal rod, it started to retreat, slowly, eyeing the losers that followed it.

Bill couldn't help but feel triumphant. "We're not afraid of you anymore."

The clown looked at them, before jumping into the big pipe behind, holding onto the edge. It was shaking, shaking with fear how Bill noticed, pleased.

"Now you're the one who's afraid. Because you gonna starve."

The clown's lips moved, a hoarse whisper leaving his throat, that Bill soon identified as his rhyme, the one he used to get his stuttering under control.

"He thrusts his fists against the posts and still insists he sees the ghosts.. he thrusts his fists against the p-p-posts.."

Bill could swear he saw something in the glowing, orange eyes. To him, it seemed like wonder. The creature was experiencing what it caused for the first time. The roles were swapped, now IT was the victim and it wondered, it wondered about this weird feeling, wondered how it could be that some simple kids defeated it.

The boy gritted his teeth, lifting his metal rod to attack it for the last time, but the creature just shrieked and slid deeper down into the pipe, its face stiffening. First, Bill thought it was simply the make-up coming off its face, but then he realized it was skin and blood that was starting to float and the skull of the clown broke and it was whispering with its last breath.

"Fear."

Then it was gone, vanishing in the darkness, only leaving behind a trace of blood floating in the air, the drops travelling apart.

They had won.

Bill felt how his legs stopped supporting his weight and he fell, right into Stanley's arms. He felt nauseous, but they had won and everything was going to be fine now and they were going to find Georgie and Eddie now and take them home and never again speak of this horror.

It was Mike who noticed the change.

"I-Its over.. guys.. the kids are floating down..

They all looked up and he was right. The kids that IT had sent floating in the air as its personal meat storage came down slowly, gently landing on the floor. Nobody of them had to check, they could see that these children would never go home.

None of them wore a yellow raincoat.

Suddenly, Richie started walking away from them.

"Richie? Where are you going?", Beverly called after him, but the boy didn't react, as if in some kind of trance.

In a corner, almost hidden in the darkness, another body had sunk to the ground. Richie felt his body shaking as he made his way over, every step harder than the one before.

He knew this shirt. He knew it, because it was his own shirt, just that he had given it to somebody else not a long time ago, even though now it felt like years to the boy.

Sinking to his knees he gently touched the shoulder of the boy, turning him around and despite the fact he knew before who it was, Richie gasped softly when he felt the terrible pain in his heart as he looked in the pale face of his friend.

He was too late. He had failed.

Feeling the tears well up in his eyes he slid his arms around Eddies body, pressing the younger one against himself as terrible sobs started to fall from his lips.

Silently, the other losers stepped closer. They all knew who Richie held there and if there would be a sound for it, they would all have heard their hearts breaking in this moment.

Richie only held Eddie close, sobbing into the crook of his neck while he stroked the soft hair. "Please wake up. Don't leave me alone Eds. Please don't."

He knew it was too late. Eddies skin felt ice cold against his own and his eyes were wide open, his beautiful chocolate brown orbs layered with a white mist. Blind eyes that weren't seeing, would never see again.

"Eddie please!"

Richies pain radiated off him, they all could feel it. None of them spoke a word. Stan was crying silently against Bill's shoulder while the other boy stroked his hair, gulping.

Ben knelt down next to Richie, touching his shoulder gently to comfort the boy somehow. Mike was next, kneeling down and starting to stroke his back.

Beverly's lip trembled as she sat down next to the boy, softly touching Eddies face before sliding his eyes shut. For a moment she thought she had felt a soft movement, but that must've been her imagination.

Now, with his eyes closed, Eddie looked like he was sleeping with his lips parted a little bit. Peacefully.

The girl took the small boys hand in hers, starting to cry silently while Richie still sobbed and begged Eddie to just wake up, to come back so him.

Her fingers touched Eddie's wrist as she softly kissed his hand and Beverly jumped as if she had gotten an electric shock. With wide eyes she searched for a special spot on Eddies wrist and there it was - slow and faint but unmistakably his heartbeat.

Beverly opened and closed her mouth a few times, before grabbing Richies shoulders and starting to shake him to get his attention.

"Richie! Richie he's not dead! He's alive!"

Grabbing his hand she made him feel the wrist of the smaller boy for himself. Richie stared at her, feeling the slow heartbeat but not knowing how to comprehend it, utterly confused.

"B-But.. why isn't he waking up then? Eddie? Eddie wake up! Please

wake up!"

He shook the boy, but Eddie didn't wake up, his face still pale and unmoving, stained with tear drops that weren't his own.

"Eddie! Wake up! Please!"

Richie started to cry again. His chest hurt as if someone had stabbed him, right in his heart.

"Eddie please.."

He took the boys hand, which was cold and lifeless, putting it on his chest, right above his beating heart. Stroking his cheek he started to whisper.

"I don't know if you can feel it, but it's only beating for you, Eds. Please come back to me. I can't take all this without you. I.. I.."

He started to sob again. Pressing Eddie's hand against his chest he leaned forward, not thinking about the consequences.

Richie had wanted to do this for a long time. How often had he looked at the smaller boy, thinking about just doing it? And still, he had never found the courage to do so. Didn't want to destroy their friendship by making Eddie uncomfortable around him. Yet he had often dreamed about it, wondering how these pretty pink lips would

feel on his own, what they would taste like. But in these dreams, Eddie was at least awake.

Softly he pressed his lips on Eddie's, shuddering at how cold the boy felt. But this was still Eddie. This was his best friend, his love.

Closing his eyes, fresh tears running down his cheeks, he tried to put all that he felt into the kiss. Sadness. Anger. Fear. Love.

After a few moments he pulled away, another sob escaping his lips. He didn't dare to open his eyes just yet, not wanting to see Eddie so lifeless. So pale and cold.

He barely noticed that Eddie's hand moved, grabbing his shirt softly at first, then harder.

Eddie jerked up with a shocked gasp moments later, looking around with wide eyes, breathing hard, before he focused on Richie, who only stared at the smaller boy in shock. "Couldn't you at least give me my first kiss while I'm awake?"

His voice was husky, as if he had not spoken for weeks, but his skin already began to get back a colour that could be considered as healthy. His cheeks slowly turned pink as he realized what he had just said.

Richie was speechless. Shocked, he stared at Eddie, tears still rolling down his cheeks, leaving light trails in his dirty face. When he finally

got himself to speak, his voice cracked. "I thought I lost you."

"I thought I lost you."

Eddie looked at Richie, then at his other friends. "All of you."

Gently, Richie stroked his cheek, smiling despite his tears. "It's over. It's all over. We can go home now."

He then simply pulled the smaller boy into a hug. Eddie, for once not caring about the fact they all were dirty and full of germs, leaned into it and soon they were joined by the other losers; Bill and Beverly crying happy tears openly while Mike laughed and Ben and Stan were torn between both.

"Fucking hell!"

Richie was holding Eddie's hand as the Losers tried to find their way out of the sewers; now stopping because another one of their flashlights just died, leaving them in complete pitch black darkness. Instantly, Eddie tightened his grip on Richie's hand. It wasn't like he was afraid of the dark, but it reminded him of being gone. Fear crept through his veins and he shuddered, trying to stop thinking of it.

With a soft click, Bill turned on their last flashlight. His heart sank when it flickered, indicating that this battery was also almost dead. "W-We have to find a way o-out soon.."

"Let's try this way."

Mike pointed to the tunnel on the right of them. "I think the Barrens are in that direction if I'm not completely lost right now."

"Okay. Let's go then."

Bill, holding the flashlight, went first, carefully moving. He couldn't afford falling with their last functioning flashlight or they'd have to find out of the sewers in complete darkness. Regarding the fact they had their problems already, that would've probably been their death sentence.

"I think there's an air flow here. Can you feel it?", Beverly spoke up, touching her hair. Mike, Stan and Eddie nodded. "Yeah."

"Bill, can you -"

She stopped mid-sentence, almost running into the boy that suddenly had stopped, freezing in the middle of the tunnel. "Bill?"

They all stopped, looking confused, wondering what was going on. Richie held Eddie close, looking absolutely ready to kick some ass.

It was Stan who finally walked up to the boy. "What's going on Bill?"

His gasp sounded shocked and pained at the same time.

Bill was pointing the light on the ground where the water stood a few centimetres high, his mouth opening and closing without any words coming out of it. His eyes were filling with tears as he slowly went on his knees and grabbed his find out of the graywater.

A yellow raincoat.

It was in a bad condition, caused by the time swimming in the dirty water of Derry's sewers. One of the arms was missing its lower part, torn to shreds somewhere above the elbow. But the name tag inside was still readable, written with waterproof marker the time hadn't touched.

GEORGIE DENBROUGH

The finality hit Bill like a brick wall. When they had left the cistern without Georgie, he was determined to come back, to find out what happened to his little brother, to *find* him. He hadn't considered this as an option, despite the fact his parents - mostly his father - had made it clear more than just once. They had accepted Georgie's death, but Bill had not. He just wasn't able to imagine it. Death was cold, death was unmoving and dark. It was the exact opposite of his warm, bouncy, bright little brother.

The first sob sounded as if he couldn't breathe properly anymore, which he really couldn't. Something was squeezing his chest, taking the air out of his lungs in the most painful way. His heart was enclosed by a giant, invisible hand that mashed it with no effort, making his chest ache so badly he wanted to scream. Pressing the wet cloth into his chest he began to wail, sounding like a wounded animal. He just wanted to die.

Moving the raincoat to his lips he bit down on it, screaming his pain into it, muffling his cries that still echoed through the sewers of Derry.

Slowly, his friends sat down with him. Holding him. Crying with him because they all lost something in this moment. It was tearing on their souls, their hearts, ripping them apart and keeping them alive to

continue their lives with broken hearts and shattered souls. They all died a little on the inside as they had to accept the finality of the fact that George Elmer Denbrough had found his death in these sewers like so many other children.

And as they all left their pain down there, dripping salty into the dirty water, a small little paper boat that had been sailing for so long finally reached the end of this world to reunite with its owner on a new, rainy day with no tragedy to occur and no death to rip them apart ever again.

Author's Note:

I'd like to thank everyone who clicked on and read this fic. This is my longest work until this day with 10,259 words and I'm really proud that I managed to write it. I hope you enjoyed this angsty trip.